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OR,

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

INTRODUCTION.

The Drop Scene is painted to represent a Plate of the Willow Pattern, and after the Overture, the Magician, CHIM-PAN-SEE, *enters* L. *before the Curtain.*

CHIM. Good people! Two duties as mine I have reckoned,
The first is to say who I am, and the second
To state why I stand when with proper adherence
To rule, only Managers make their appearance.
My name's Chim-pan-see (though in no way related
To the one in the Regent's Park lately located),
I belong to the Emp'ror of China, and am
Attached to the pigtail of Tartory's Cham!
I am conjuror, wizard, magician, black doctor,
Of spells and love potions a potent concoctor.
I can make a stone sing, can put life in a slate,
As you'll see that I'll presently do to that plate,
In short, there's no thing but obeys me in life—
Oh, yes! there's *one* thing, I forgot—there's my wife.

So of course, when I heard of your Great Exhibition.
I was speedily found in a state of transition,
On my dragon I came, but conceive my surprise!
Round a public-house kitchen on casting my eyes,
I perceived, upon table, stand, dresser, and shelf,
In earthenware, china, stone-hardware, and delf,
Drawn longways and shortways, drawn outside and in.
On plate, cup, and saucer, dish, basin, tureen,
A picture, which is but a full illustration
Of an olden love story, well known in my nation.

But still more my surprise, on expressing my pleasure
At finding the English so ready to treasure
The legends of China, to find that unknown
Was the story from which all the picture had grown!
For when I told the story, they said "You be blowed,
That's the old willow pattern of Copeland and Spode!"

But still quite determined to enlighten the age,
I looked, as we all do at last, to the stage,
And to-night all my powers of vivification
I'll employ on that plate; but of some explanation
There's need of what's happened before they begin it,
So, if you'll oblige me yet further one minute,
To make all things clear I'll explain, as a chorus,
One or two knotty points of the picture before us.

Song—Air, "*The House that Jack built.*"

(*during the song, the enchanter points to the different portions of the plate referred to, beginning on the right hand side*)

This is the house of the Mandarin He-sing,
And this is the garden, and those are the trees
That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze;
Whose verdure and shade quite a paradise made
Of the house of the Mandarin He-sing.

And those are the rooms where his daughter, Koong-see,
Is shut up, as she's found in the first scene to be,
Whence she looks on the garden and looks on the trees
That wibbledee, &c.

And that is the house where the deputy, Chang,
By transposing the words may be said to out-hang,
Who looks up at the rooms where the lovely Koong-see
Is shut up as, &c.

So having geographised half of the plate,
For the rest I wont ask you at present to wait;
But would merely remark that the deputy, Chang,
Who in the house yonder is said to out-hang,
Is supposed to be "nuts" on the lovely Koong-see,
Who's shut up, as she's found in the first scene to be;
And look's down on the garden, and down on the trees,
That wibbledee, wobbledee, go in the breeze,
Whose verdure and shade such a paradise made
Of the house of the Mandarin He-sing,

(*the* Enchanter *waves his wand and retires, as the curtain rises, discovering Scene I.*)

SCENE I.—The Interior of Koong-see's Boudoir.

Koong-see *reclining on an ottoman, with* Attendants *fanning her;* So-sli *holding a skein of silk for her mistress to wind,* L.; *practicable window at back; doors,* R. *and* L.

Chorus of Attendants—Air, "*Lilla's a Lady.*"

The song birds are singing, all nature seems gay,
But Koong-see don't seem much to see it that way;
She'll be wooed, she'll be won, by a son of a gun,
Who'll willy-nilly make her his lady.

KOONG. So-sli, I'd be alone, these people send hence,
I'll waive their fans, and also their attendance.
SO-SLI. A song might cheer you, ma'am, perhaps, if you heard 'em.
KOONG. No, no, your strain would add but to my burden.
SO-SLI. A dance perhaps——
KOONG. (*rising*) No dance would give me pleasure,
My dismal fit's beyond your lively measure.
There leave me—to exchange I'd rather choose
From your light company into the blues.
Exeunt ATTENDANTS, R.
Those to me near akin are less than kind,
And with woe fickle fortune seems inclined
To satiate me; since she has begun with it
Why don't she say she hates me and have done with it?
How swift the hours that now so heavy hang,
Fled o'er us, while my ever-constant Chang
Sighed by my side; until my sire's desire
Decided in sore ire, I must soar higher.
Still all went pretty smoothly, till our fate
Made him spectator of a *tête-à-tête;*
Wherefore he shut me up with stern rebuke,
Vowing that I shall wed Tar-gin the duke,
In this lone chamber where Chang can't come near,
And I must be confined away in here,
Till I can find a way out there—and go—
Choose where I love, and where I like say "no."
SO-SLI. Cheer up, dear lady, for you may depend
On this—when things are at the worst, they mend.
Therefore be comforted——
KOONG. There, say no more,
You're far less of the comforter than bore.
(*a guitar heard without*)

Serenade, CHANG—Air, "*When wilt thou meet me, Love.*"

Down in the street, my love,
Sadly I play,
Up to your room, my love,
Find me a way.
Down, down, down, in the street, my love.
Sadly I play.

KOONG. Chang's voice! those well remembered tones at last
Are tones meant as atonement for the past,
Peep out and tell us if I'm right, be wary.
SO-SLI. (*looks out of window*) The secretary is secreted in the area.
But how to let him in I really see don't.
KOONG. My father's guards will take him up if we don't.
Perhaps seize the minstrel by his dear neck's nape, or
Apply their dirty feet to my door scraper.
A thousand schemes are flitting without shape.
SO-SLI. A lucky thought, ma'am, there's the fire escape!
(*takes out fire escape from box*)

We'll put it to a purpose much the same,
Not to escape from, but admit a flame.

(*Music. She throws out fire escape, up which* CHANG *ascends, and enters at window.*)

KOONG. (*embraces* CHANG) Safe up the ladder! my joy has no bounds!
CHANG. I was near beaten with so many rounds,
But here arrived, with my Koong-see before me,
My spirit feels an *elisir d'amore.*
KOONG. Alas, we meet for the last time to-day,
This very morn the duke comes here to pay
His court to me.
CHANG. No time must then be lost,
This Tar-gin must be sold at any cost;
Flight is our one resource.
SO-SLI. Those words have hope lent
To my despair; do, ma'am, try an elopement.
CHANG. Try it just once, and with your plucky act
You'll be content, one trial proves the fact.
KOONG. Between two feelings I'm swayed to and fro,

Enter HE-SING, L., *unperceived.*

For love says "go it little 'un," fear says "no!"
CHANG. Your love obey, and as for terror, scout it.
KOONG. Well I won't promise, but I'll think about it.
CHANG. Oh, what a load you've taken off my heart.
HE-SING. (C.) Perhaps at once you'll take yourself off—start!
KOONG. (R.) My father!
CHANG. (L) Though you're on another match bent,
Pray don't oppose our virtuous attachment.
HE-SING. Attachment! too absurd the joke's to carry on,
What are your means, sir? what do you mean to marry on?
CHANG. The prospects of my literary trade.
HE-SING. Your wedding suit would be of foolscap made.
CHANG. Well what's done can't be undone.
HE-SING. Can't it though?
You'll find you're done and undone at one blow.
Such an affront would put an angels back up,
Your clothes and linen both this moment pack up
Without a thought the pleading I dismiss
Of one who sues in *forma pauperis*,
And you'll, my late amanuensis, be
A man who hence is nothing more to me.
CHANG. Then all my hopes are broken in a crack.
HE-SING. Till you can post the coal, sir, take the sack.
CHANG. 'Tis rage that blinds you——
HE-SING. Be off! *allez!* pack!
Mine's no blind alley, but a *cul-de-sac.*

Quartette—Air, "*Il segreto*," *Lucrezia Borgia.*

CHANG. Ills so great, oh, don't make one feel easy,
So provoking a sentence recall.

HE-SING. Be off! if again here I sees ye,
I'll—no matter look out for a squall.

KOONG. } Sure { pa, } there's no harm at all in his calling,
SO-SLI. } { sir, }
To say a few kind words to { me }
{ she }

HE-SING. If he don't stop his curst caterwauling and bawling,
The worser for him it shall be.

KOONG. Well, we shall see.
CHANG. Yes, we shall see.

HE-SING. If he comes here again caterwauling,
I'll string him up on the next tree.
SO-SLI. I'm sure there's no harm at all in
A young man occasionally.

CHANG. } *aside* { Look out { I'll endeavour } to call in.
KOONG. } { you may venture }
{ Some time between dinner and tea.

(*at the end of quartette*, HE-SING *pushes* CHANG *out of room*, L.)

HE-SING. Prepare yourself with conduct circumspect
Here to receive, at once, your spouse elect.
KOONG. To take a husband seems on th' absurd to border,
Just like a bale of goods received "per order."
Moreover, for my love, I boldly state
That candidate I loathe with candid hate.
HE-SING. You've scarcely seen him.
KOONG. He is a sort of dunce,
Who seen but twice is recognized at once,
From our short *tête-à-tête* 'twas plainly seen,
There wasn't much in that *tête's* magazine.
The man's a downright fool!
HE-SING. And what of that?
KOONG. I never can come round to such a flat,
What's more I won't.
HE-SING. Now don't be rash (*aside*) I doubt
In my girl's cheek the rash is breaking out.
(*aloud*) You've too much brass, miss, and I'll have you locked in.
KOONG You'll make my metal baser when it's block't in.
HE-SING. I'll put an end to all this botheration,
To keep off trespassers round my plantation.
I'll build a high wall, no one shall come nigh
Unless he gets the right side my wall high.
(*trumpet heard without*)
The duke's without, at once I go to meet him,
With form due to a peer, appear to greet him. *Exit*, L.
KOONG. Could I command but Madame Robin's spell,
I'd disappear, and dish a peer as well.
Still he may find, unless I chance to trip,
A petticoat can give a man the slip.

Song—Air, "*When the heart of a Man.*"

Though the arts of a man be suppressed with care,
They're discovered at once if a woman be ware,
Like the bow of a fiddle she neatly, neatly,
Plays on his heart strings and cheats his ear;
Notes and soft billets her cheek disclose,
But her sly tricks are more neat than those,
Vex him, perplex him, try tilting and jilting,
Dissolved are his pleasures, and off he goes.

Enter He-sing, Tar-gin, *and* Attendants, *with presents, at door, L.*

He-sing. Your grace is condescending, on my life.
Tar. Bother your compliments, where's my future wife?
My courtship I'll without delay begin.
He-sing. Koong-see, my love, you see the duke Tar-gin,
Who comes to pay his court. (Tar-gin *kneels to her.*)
Koong. If he's that way bent,
I'll give him a discharge from further payment.
Tar. Most charming Koong-see, maid the most bewitching,
(*aside*) For whose rich dowry both my hands are itching,
(*aloud*) See at your feet the suppliant Tar-gin,
Chain'd by your beauty (*aside*) and your father's tin.
(*aloud*) To you I offer hand and heart unshackled,
And all I have (*aside*) until your goods I've tackled.
Koong. Rise, sir.
Tar. First say me, yes.
Koong. You'd so be putting,
At least your courtship on a firmer footing.
To kneel to me for one of your nobility
Must be the *ne plus ultra* of humility.
Tar. (*rises*) I wait your answer.
Koong. Worthy sir, I'd rather
Refer you in this matter to my father.
He-sing. I can't conceive what silly fancies stick in her.
Tar. I think I've something here, perhaps, will quicken her.
(*takes jewel case from* Attendants)
These trifling gifts.
Koong. (*aside*) That my aversion lessens,
His gifts are so much better than his presence,
He-sing. Don't hesitate my wishes to fulfill,
With such a jewelled gem-'un, dear, you will
Be *toujours gai.*
Koong. Of that I'd not be too sure,
I think less of the present than the future.
Tar. This pair of bracelets—diamonds of first water—
Would not disgrace a railway monarch's daughter;
The jewels in this necklace for condition
Gain'd a prize medal at the Exhibition.
The pearl that forms the brooch with any copes
Of Hunt and Roskell's, or rich Mr. Hope's,
Pray wear them for my sake.

KOONG. Thank you! So-sli!

Enter SO-SLI, R.

Fasten the case, and put the jewels by—
(*aside*) But keep them handy.

SO-SLI. Ma'am, I understand.

TAR. My charmer now will promise me her hand.

KOONG. This evening, after dinner, you shall see
How I determine.

TAR. Since it thus must be,
Till then, farewell! (*crosses to* L.)

HE-SING. Cease this delay and doubting. (*to* KOONG-SEE)

Exit TAR-GIN, HE-SING, *and* ATEENDANTS, L. D.

KOONG. So-sli! these gems are just the things for spouting;
They'll help us on our flight. Now go and see
If Chang has left a billet-doux for me
Anywhere in the garden, for to-night
We must take steps to make a one-pair flight.
During the courses with the Duke I'll flirt,
And after dinner give him his dessert. *Exit* SO-SLI.

Song, KOONGSEE. Air, "*Tippetywitchet.*"

The sweet stuff that that man did
Employ my heart to touch,
With humble suit, I'm candid,
Was a lowly pop too much.
But much I fear he'll linger here, nor think to go away,
Unless Chang wed me as he said, and—Tol-lol-de-de-lol-lol-la.

Though dear he'd have me hold him,
I hold his passion cheap;
And till as such I've sold him,
I'll for amusement weep. Tol, lol, &c.

But what's the use of crying?
'Tis better far by half
Some stratagem be trying,
Of him to get the laugh.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Exit KOONG-SEE; *the Scene closes in.*

SCENE II.—PART OF THE GARDENS OF HE-SING'S HOUSE.

A distant view of the Fence; a bed of Peonies, R.

Enter CHANG. L.

CHANG. How true "more haste worse speed" the proverb says;
He-sing was in such haste the wall to raise,
To keep me from my love, that he forgot
To ask if I had passed outside or not;
So in their hurry they have built me in,
And, being inside, I'll go in to win.

'This billet-doux, if here I hide, So-sli
Will find, and give it to her mistress.—(*reads note*) "I
"During the feast will be at hand, and may
"Try with a dish of sweets to run away."
Now where to put it? Here's an open flower
Will serve as post-office for half an hour.
(*hides the letter in large peony*)
For my love-letter, and to better cheer
This peony may be a pioneer.
I'll hide, and for the time expectant wait;
While they've a certain feast, I'll risk my fate.

Song, CHANG. Air, "*Miss Myrtle is going to be married.*"

She's certainly going to marry,
And leave of her lover she'll take,
If on the elopement I tarry,
I tried to persuade her to make.
'Tis a match that I cannot approve,
I'll stop it—that is, if I can;
But to marry this charming woman
He's a very importunate man.

When he's trying it on with his blarney,
I'll look for the chance to arise
That, after the dodge of Ernani,
I may come to the feast in disguise.
And after the singing and drink,
He may stop me—that is, if he can,
From taking that charming woman
To marry this sort of a man. *Exit*, R.

Enter SO-SLI, L.

SO-SLI. Heigho! this is sad work, there's no denying!
Here's master grumpy, and young missus crying;
The Duke arriving, and poor Chang a-hiding;
And the Duke's servants all the high horse riding
Over us—(*sees flower*) Stop! what's this? (*takes letter*) I
know, I think—
Language of flowers reduced to pen and ink.
Of cheapness this delivery may boast,
It needs no stamp to pay the peony post.
Here's some one coming, so I'll hide and hop it! (*runs to* R.)

Enter HI-SLANG, L.; *runs after her, and pulls her back.*

HI-SLANG. Oh! that's the caper, is it? I say, stop it.
SO-SLI. Who are you, sir? what do you want to do?
HI-SLANG. I am the Duke's head groom, and in love with you.
So help me tops and whipcord!
SO-SLI. Don't be silly!
HI-SLANG. Upon my word, a very racing filly!
Capital points—rising sixteen about.
SO-SLI. (*aside*) If I'm polite, perhaps he'll help us out

Of our dilemma. (*aloud*) Pray, what kind of master
Is the Grand Duke?

HI-SLANG. Why, his pace might be faster,
But then, you see, he carries weight for age,
Poor fellow!

SO-SLI. Think you that he'll well engage
With my young mistress?

HI-SLANG. Why, when such old chaps
Marry young girls, it's like the handicaps,
One cannot tell who'll win.

SO-SLI. I understand!
He's made a handy capture of her hand.

HI-SLANG. And takes his gall-up quick.

SO-SLI. Will he live long?

HI-SLANG. Why, in his youth he made the running strong,
But then old horses often stay a distance;
And so, perhaps, he'll have a long existence—
Which I with you should like to have.

SO-SLI. You may
Have that, if you don't fear to run away.

HI-SLANG. That's too much in my line to fear—but tell
Me of your mistress.

SO-SLI. Oh! she'll fly as well,
If you'll assist.

HI-SLANG. I'm game—we'll say to-night.

SO-SLI. You mean the thing that's honourable?

HI-SLANG. Quite!
The course is clear—with me don't fear departing,
Of course I mean to ring the belle at starting.

SO-SLI. Well, what's the plan?

HI-SLANG. Why, listen! Ere the dawn
Has trotted out the dappled grey of morn,
We'll take a gentle slope across the lawn;
Then scale the garden wall——

SO-SLI. There I should fail:
You take your measures on too large a scale.
In our escape, if I a wall so high met,
The utmost fear 'd prevail over the climb it.
Weigh well dangers that may us assail.

HI-SLANG. I never weigh much when I go to scale.

SO-SLI. That's settled—now, by some ingenious juggle,
This note into my lady's hand to smuggle.
I must be off.

HI-SLANG. At dinner I've to wait,
Then make the running for the Maiden Plate.

Duet—Air, "*Truandaise.*"

SO-SLI. Your suit, sir,
You'd best defer,
Too suddenly you press it—wait
An hour hence.

HI-SLANG. Nonsense!
There's no time to hesitate;
We all know
You mean to go;
Besides, it's getting blessed late:
So make your mind at once up, and the thing is done.

TOGETHER. 'Tis but
To put
A few things in a *sac de nuit;*

SO-SLI. Risk run?

HI-SLANG. There's none!
What there is I'll take on me;

TOGETHER. Then the
Very
Moment we have packed up, we
Pack off ourselves, and presently we two are one!

They dance to the air round the Stage, and exeunt, HI-SLANG, L., SO-SLI, R.

SCENE III.—EXTERIOR OF THE PAVILION.

Distant view of the Bridge; table set with dessert down the Stage, L., *at which are seated* HE-SING, TAR-GIN, *and* RETINUE; KOONG-SEE *and* SO-SLI *at table,* R.; HI-SLANG *behind* TAR-GIN, *with a bottle surreptitiously abstracted; the* LADIES' ATTENDANTS *near* KOONG-SEE *grouped;* SERVANTS *attending with refreshments on salvers.*

Opening Chorus—Air, "*William Tell.*"

Merrily let the toast go round,
To chair and cheer both homage show;
Let our bumpers, chrystal-crowned,
Fill to nightly overflow.
Let tee-to-tallers to three-bottlers
Dry pumps down at heel-taps throw;
And last, not least, the prim Hygeist
Pull up with his Hy-gee-woe!

HE-SING. My friends! I rise, on the event felicitous
Of the great Tar-gin having deigned to visit us,
To beg that you will to his rank and station
Pay both a due respect and adulation.
His name to be adored need but be uttered——

KOONG. (*aside*) My father's toast is somewhat thickly buttered.

HE-SING. Therefore I trust that those who round me sit
Will fill a bumper to his benefit;
And may he happier grow as he grows older!

HI-SLANG. (*aside*) And never rick his back or slip his shoulder!
(*the toast is drunk by all with loud applause*)

TAR. I rise upon your kind cheers from my own——
(*a pause, and cries of* "Hear, hear!" &c.)
Dear me! the speech I meant to make has flown!

To thank you from my heart, I had it pat—
So thank you from the bottom of my hat.
(*consults his hat, and resumes*)
Since I for silence could no cause allege,
But needs must spout in answer to your pledge,
Your loud applause deep in my heart has sunk,
I ne'er was so uproariously drunk
By any one; but must this welcome trace
To one who—who—bless me!—I've lost the place.
So to conclude, permit me, as a toast,
To give the health of our most worthy host!
(*all drink to* He-sing, *cries of* "Bravo!" *&c.*)

So-sli. (*aside*) I wish they would their compliments restrain.
Hi-slang. (*aside*) Why, here's the old one trotted out again!
(He-sing *rises*)

He-sing. Elate with joy I rise—for whoe'er saw
So rich a model of a son-in-law?
Of sovereign worth, a veritable shiner!
I am the happiest father in all China;
As which I thank you. (*sits down*)

Koong. I am his wretched daughter,
Whose voice and tears are only whine and water.

Hi-slang. 'Tis really sad to see her feelings movin' her
In such a doldrum manner. (*to* Tar-gin) I say, guv'ner,
Give us "The Ladies!"

Enter Servant *at back*, L.

Serv. Sir, a minstrel waits
Without.

He-sing. Without what, pray?

Serv. Without the gates.

He-sing. What does he want?

Serv. Sir, I have no idea.

He-sing. I never thought you had. It's pretty clear
He wants an audience—well, he'll find one here.
Where is he?

Serv. At the upper entrance left.

He-sing. Let him be on the wing then.

So-sli. I'm bereft
Of sense if I can't see through this disguise.
My lady—— (*whispers to* Koong-see)

Koong. Ah! well, he cannot blind my eyes.

He-sing. A song will be quite apropos. The troubadour
May find a ready entrance to us through the door.

Enter Chang, U. E. L., *disguised as a minstrel, with a lute.*

Koong. (*aside*) 'Tis he! I know 'tis he!

Chang. (*aside*) Hush! *taisez vous.*

He-sing. Come, minstrel, let us hear what you can do?

Tar-gin. We want no love songs—sentimentals bore us.

Chang. I've one that fits, if you'll back up with chorus.

HI-SLANG. That's it! (*aside*) All right! I twig!—Go it like blazes.
CHANG. Humbly I carol forth great Tar-gin's praises.

Song and Chorus—Air, "*Laughing Chorus from Der Freischutz.*"

To salute this son of Hymen
Let your flagons all grow dry men;
Now your wine with spirit quaff,
Join in chorus, loudly laugh—
Ha, ha, ha!
Chorus. Ha, ha, ha! &c.

Joy the bride no doubt entrances,
She will wed the man she fancies;
If she don't, why I've not half
Knowledge of what's what—so laugh—
Ha, ha, ha!
Chorus. Ha, ha, ha! &c.

I will prove, the pageant heading,
Instrumental to the wedding;
And no one—I mean no chaff—
At her bridal more will laugh—
Ha, ha, ha!
Chorus. Ha, ha, ha! &c.

(*during the song* HE-SING, TAR-GIN, *and their* RETINUE *drink copiously, and the drink begins to tell on them at the end*)

HE-SING. Good! That's a very racy bit of tongue.
TAR. A jolly good song, and jolly well sung!
KOONG. The wine he's drunk seems mounting to his head—
'Twill find a lodging in that empty shed.
SO-SLI. The Mandarin seems queer; perhaps, ere long,
They'll sleep, and then——
HE-SING. Let's have another song!
Now, Tar-gin, you've said nothing—give us one.
HI-SLANG. (*aside*) When master sings, it's time to cut and run.
TAR. (*muddled*) Oh, well, I'll try, and don't you put me out.
Let's see—what subject shall I sing about?

Song—Air, "*The Splendid Shilling.*"

I love swilling—jolly, jolly swilling,
I've loved swilling all through my life;
I'll bet a penny on't, I won't leave any on't,
Tho' I've come to fetch away a wife.
For grog is the thing to please us,
And a wife is the thing to teaze us;
Happy is the man that sees us,
As we go rolling home!

Drunken Chorus.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling ho—me,
Rolling home, rolling home, rolling ho—me;

Happy is the man that sees us,
As we go rolling home!

(*the chorus gets gradually slower and more indistinct, and during it the* RETINUE *and* HE-SING *fall asleep, and with the last word* TAR-GIN *himself lays his head on the table and goes to sleep. All grouped as in the orgie scene of* "Azael")

CHANG. (*after a pause*) The liquor's licked them—now's the time for us,
While they're obfusticated, without fuss
To cut. Koong-see! with me at once depart.
HI-SLANG. The course is clear—I'm ready for a start.
KOONG. (*to* So-sli) Go fetch the jewels Tar-gin brought to-day,
When short of cash, they'll help us on our way.
(So-sli *brings the jewel case*)
Of the first water they are gems, he said;
So their pure water will supply our bread.
CHANG. Give them to me.
(*takes the jewels from the case and throws it down*)
So-sli. Hi-slang! you're ready?
HI-SLANG. Quite!
As any bantam cock that's trimmed for fight.
KOONG. Where do we go?
CHANG. Over the bridge, and there
We'll to the gardener's house at once repair:
A priest is there to make us man and wife.
HI-SLANG. I'm in for double-harness work for life.
CHANG. Forward with caution, though 'twere hard to wake 'em;
To sleep this off 'twill full six hours take 'em.

(*Music;* CHANG, KOONG-SEE, So-sli, *and* HI-SLANG *go cautiously out at back, and the figures are seen moving over the bridge; when they are clear away, one of the* RETINUE *moves in his sleep, and knocks over a chair, which wakes* TAR-GIN)

TAR. (*drowsily*) Give us another song, thou minstrel lad——
(*waking up*) Eh! Why, he's gone—and so's my bride, egad!
Why, they're all cut! Here, wake up!—just look here!
(*shaking* HE-SING)
The coast's the only thing to me that's clear.
HE-SING. (*very confused*) Keep up the fun—let's have a dance—come on——
TAR. (*shaking him and showing him the jewel case*) Your daughter's cut, and all my jewels gone!
HE-SING. Cut? Oh, the devil! Guards at once be arter 'em,
Rescue his jewels ere they've time to barter 'em!
Ransack the house, turn out its secret places,
See of their road if they've left any traces.
I can't believe it—yet I scarce can doubt,
For I can't see them anywhere about.

Chorus—Air, "*O, what a day!*"

O, what a flight, what a bother, and a robbery!
The lady with the jewels of the Duke is gone;
Everybody everywhere be kicking up a bobbery,
Catch 'em, if you do it can, before the morn.
Offer a reward each circulated paper in,
Send the Peelers on their track to stop their precious capering;
High and low, and far and near, assiduously hunt about,
If they're gone by water, why immediately punt about.

(*on the scene of confusion the Drop descends, and the* MAGICIAN *comes before it*)

CHIM. That's a sell for the Mandarin, rather, I'm thinking,
And a lesson, I hope, to prevent further drinking.
You see we've as yet been on this side the plate, *(points)*
But we now make a move, and you'll find that the state
Of affairs is quite changed with the *locus in quo*,
And all up the other side quickly we go;
So, being well versed in all Eastern topography,
I'll once more clear the way of our story's geography;
You shall follow the pairs who've the wide world before 'em,
And I'll act as the bridge, not the "Pons Asinorum."

Song—Air, "*Alteration.*"

For some time you might look in a geographical book,
Without obtaining a word of explanation,
As to what the name might be of the river that you see,
Or as to where its source, or whither its destination.
But it's all the same, for what's in a name?"
Is Mister William Shakspeare's very just observation.
So, if you please, for the present, just to keep all things pleasant,
We'll say it's somewhere in the Celestial Nation.

Now that house on the bank, which, from its size and rank,
Appears to be to the opposite one very like a poor relation,
In the next scene will cover each lass and her lover,
And afford them a home and a safe situation.
Then there'll troubles arise, which I leave you to surmise
Until you see them, which will cause an emigration;
And off in that boat they together will float
Down this self-same river of the Celestial Nation.

But the progress of their flight will be hidden from your sight,
As the stage is too small for much theatrical machination;
And the scenery on the bank, which in the plate is left a blank,
Will be left entirely to the painting of your vivid imagination.
But when arrived at last, they are moored and made fast
At the island at the top, in a most salubrious station;
At the knowledge you'll arrive, how we keep the game alive
At a merry meeting of the great Celestial Nation.

He waves his wand and exits, as the Curtain, again rising, discovers Scene IV.

SCENE IV.—Outside of the Gardener's Cottage.

With a view of the river, at back on the L. *just visible on the stage is the end of the bridge practicable,* R. *is seen the stern of a junk.*

Enter from house, Chang, Koong-see, Hi-slang, So-sli, *and* Loom-hoe.

Koong. The wedding's o'er, the ceremony's done.
Chang. Hence, indivisibly, we two are one.
Hi-slang. I've made a match and very little waited.
So-sli. My company's with your's amalmagated.
Loom. O'er such a sum Cocker in vain would pore,
A case where two and two do not make four.
Chang. My worthy tiller of the ground, on thee
We reckon till her father soften'd be.
Koong. At the dread prospect of his wrath I shudder.
Hi-slang. As he's a tiller, let him be the rudder
To guide our craft—
Loom. I for each bride aver
As I'm a gardener, I'll be guarding her.
So-sli. Here, then awhile we may our refuge make.
Koong. And your whole house as furnished lodgings take.
Loom. Such trust I feel an honour!
Hi-slang. As a shark
Regard a stranger, keep outsiders dark.
Chang. Yes, be as void of useful erudition,
As any parliamentary commission.
Loom. As sharp as any quickset hedge I'll be
When young, but silent as an elder tree.
(*drum heard without*)
Koong. What sound is that? why do they drum so hard?
Look! are they calling out the national guard?
Chang. 'Tis nought! your fancy by your fear's misled.
Koong. That roll's too real to be fancy bred.
Loom. (*comes from bridge*) Oh, here's a precious go! that precious drum
Summons the tartar troops, who this way come.
Chang. Don't tremble thus——
Loom. If you refer to my knees,
My hopes are budding, though my knees are shy knees.
So-sli. They're after us! what ever shall we do, sir?
Hi-slang. Though I'm a light weight, I'm a tidy bruiser—
Give 'em a spice of this. (*squares in fighting attitude*)
Chang. Nay, to begin with,
Fifty to one's far too long odds to win with.
Koong. What shall we do, my horticultural peasant?
Loom. Go hide yourself within my house at present,
While I by means of sifting and soft sawder
Will find out what may be the soldier's order. (*drum again*)
So-sli. It's there again! good fortune have an eye to us,
And make that tartar drum soon say good bye to us.

LOOM. Too hot for you I think they'll make the land,
My junk is luckily moored close at hand;
You haul her up, and while their search I'm dodging,
You'll find yourself at once a-board and lodging.
SO-SLI. Strange hydropathic flight!
KOONG. My death will be
By water.
CHANG. Sailors live on junk at sea.
HI-SLANG. Get the junk round, and never fear my hearty.
SO-SLI. For me such junketting's no pleasure party.
CHANG. But with provisions we've no time to stock her.
LOOM. But once clear of the quay, you'll find the locker
Holds pickled pork (I hope it's to your taste),
A few choice birds' nests, and some bloater paste!
(*drum heard louder*)
And when you feel prepared the hoof to pad,
"Whistle and I'll come to thee my lad."
KOONG. Should we be found——
CHANG. You'll find out to your cost
The woman who deliberates is lost.
SO-SLI. Yet stay awhile ——
HI-SLANG. Put off our emigration,
We must put off without procrastination!
Exeunt into house, R.

Enter LO-SPI, L.

LOOM. What! the detective, Lo-spi?
LO-SPI. On the track
I'm sure—with troops of troopers at my back.
You are the master of this house?
LOOM. (*bowing low*) *Sans doute!*
LO-SPI. I've a search warrant here to execute.
LOOM. What for?
LO-SPI. For Miss Koong-see and Master Chang,
Who with Duke Tar-gin's jewels have gone off—bang!
LOOM. Bang! that reminds me—(*fetches a bottle and glass*)
Here's a drop to cheer
Your heart, and all your throat from dust to clear.
LO-SPI. Thank you—I'll take a drop.
(*drinks; the junk is brought up*)
LOOM. This seems a bother
About the jewels.
LO-SPI. Yes, I'll take another. (*drinks a glass*)
I do quite pity them. (*the fugitives get silently across to junk*)
LOOM. Oh, yes! of course,
Pity we know's the weakness of the force.
LO-SPI. They think they come this way. (LOOM-HOE *fills his glass*)
Thank ye, I've set
A guard outside.
LOOM. I would a trifle bet

They're not within my house—ah, there's the whistle!
(whistle heard—aside)
I see their drift—since they're adrift, I'll mizzle.
Pray search my house.

LO-SPI. I will with expedition.

LOOM. *(aside)* Justice will make no charge on his admission.

(LOOM-HOE *bows him into house, between* LO-SPI *and the junk.* LO-SPI *goes into house)*

LO-SPI. Here shall I find, if truth I have been told,

LOOM. Oh, yes! you'll find, sir.

LO-SPI. What?

LOOM. That you are sold.
(locks the door)

LO-SPI. Help! let me out! *(puts his head out of window)*

LOOM. Good bye! those laugh that win!
'Twas difficult enough to let you in. *(junk goes off)*

HI-SLANG. *(from junk)* I beg your pardon, sir, but can you spare
As a choice keepsake, one lock of your hair?

LO-SPI. You aint off yet, your plans I'll yet defeat 'em,
(the junk sails right off)
Up, guards, and at 'em, into atoms beat 'em.

(GUARDS *rush on. Music. They liberate* LO-SPI. *The following Chorus is heard dying away)*

Chorus. Air—"*The Boatman dance.*"

CHO. So, so, here we go,
Much to the gardener do I owe.

CHANG. I've got a pretty gal, upon my life,
She's run away to become my wife.

HI-SLANG. Prance, my fillies, prance! prance, my fillies, prance.
We'll dance all night, if it comes off right,
And keep up the lark in the morning.

CHO. (*dying away*) So, so, here we go, &c.
(*small junk crosses from* R. *to* L.)

LO-SPI. We've the reward lost offered by the Cham,
With all my pretty pickings and their—damn.
My perquisites all gone in one fell sloop,
And worse—they're laughing at us from the *poop!*
(sinks exhausted. Scene closes on a Tableaux)

SCENE V.—INTERIOR OF THE PICTURE GALLERY IN HE-SING'S MANSION.

Enter HE-SING.

Song. Air—"*There's no luck about the house.*"

In vain I look about the house,
Examine every floor,
There'll be no peace about the house
Now Koong-see's gone awa'.

Her false step quite has tripped me up,
And my time in grief I fritters,
Drunk over night this day fills up
My cup with morning bitters.

Ungrateful child, who bent on marriage, thus
First dined herself and then deserted us;
I drank—but her intemperance was such,
She really took a whole remove too much.
I've still one hope, Lo-spi is on their track,
Should that detective bring the truants back,
Chang will perceive I bear no marriage favour,
There'll be a lathering for that young shaver.
Ah, who is this? 'tis Tar-gin comes this way,
Looking as dull as Romeo in the play.

Enter TAR-GIN, R.

TAR. Oh, heavy day that she first saw the light of,
My tongue, with sheer vexation, I could bite off!
HE-SING. Let us embrace, our tears united flow,
In a sweet sympathy of mutual woe.
TAR. To the sweet sympathy you talk about,
My answer's two short syllables "get out;"
But say what tidings are there, have they caught 'em?
HE-SING. No news at all, though high and low we've sought 'em.
You can appreciate a father's feelings?
TAR. I wish I could revoke my diamond dealings,
Who'll make them good?
HE-SING. Why none can, cease your wrath,
They were but Bristol gems, so go to Bath.
TAR. You put my bristles up——
HE-SING. Pooh, pooh, you waste
By far too much sighs on your paltry paste!
TAR. Insulting man!
HE-SING. Deluded creature! peace!

Enter LO-SPI, L. 1 E.

TAR. Here comes some news——
HE-SING. To hear it, bickerings cease.
Thou cam'st to use thy tongue, so spit it out.
LO-SPI. From information I received about
Eleven, I went to certain premises
Over the water——
HE-SING. Which ones?
LO-SPI. Why, sir! Them as is,
In occupation of your gardener, where
I heard—
TAR. Hearsay's not evidence.
LO-SPI. Well, there
I saw the traitor entertain the new comers,
And ship 'em on his junk as cool as cucumbers.

He-sing. My daughter gone! this is a heavy blow,
By her *faux pas* she's made her pa her foe,
Let us combine, (*to* Tar.) your hand, (*shakes hands*) I under-
To settle matters in a brace of shakes. [takes
Tar. Let's after them at once.
He-sing. With expedition,
I'll put my swiftest sailor in commission.
A guard on board put, and a chosen crew,
Another freight with all my retinue.
Should they return, some succour here to find,
They'll find I've left no single soul behind
To help them: when we find them we'll surround them
With force, and never stop till we have found them.
Detective! follow us.
Lo-spi. Most keen my sense is,
That you'll result in paying my expenses.

Exit Lo-spi *and* He-sing.

Song, Tar-gin. Air, "*Wobblede woe.*"

To marry the girl I desire,
I hither arrived to-day;
But though I'm a friend of her sire,
She bolts with another away,
And it's all sorrow and woe, &c.

I shouldn't so much have cared,
To wed me if she'd declined;
But hang it, at least she might
Have left my jewels behind.
But off they bodily go, &c.

That Chang, with his song and his lute,
No doubt did her heart decoy,
He'll find I'm ready o' course
To follow that broth of a boy.
So off we'll speedily go, &c.
(*dances off*, R., *singing*)

SCENE VI.—The Deck of the Junk.

With poop at back, and bulwarks down the sides, all in motion; Chang *on the look out with a telescope*, R.; Koong-see, L.; So-sli, R; Hi-slang *in the act of bringing a glass of brandy and water to* So-sli, R. C.

Air, "*The Admiral.*"

Chang. How gallantly, how merrily, we cut along the sea.
Koong. Alas, the sea is cutting up by far too rough for me.

The main's a noble sight from land, but different I ween,
When the great sea horses take upon themselves the breaking in.
There is no standing on the deck, our legs we scarce can keep,
And however green the sea may look, for us it's far too deep.
I've no wish to be cast up dead, or swallowed by a shark,
What fools must be those yachting men who call these things a lark!

CHANG. Cheer up, dear girl, be nautical I pray.
KOONG. I was a naughty girl to run away.
CHANG. Come, don't be sinking that way.
KOONG. As for sinking,
All will be taken that way soon I'm thinking.
SO-SLI. Think of our good ship, and taut little crew.
KOONG. Unhappily for me alas! I do.
From my own hardships I've experience bought,
And for the taut crew read—"crew crudely taught."
HI-SLANG. I own that I can't say much for her form,
She'd rear and plunge I fancy in a storm,
Perhaps upset and disappoint her backers,
(*the vessel strikes*, HI-SLANG *staggers and falls*)
She's either struck a post, or got the staggers.
SO-SLI. Oh, dear what's that? what means that grating sound?
LOOM. (*looks on from the poop*) I beg your pardon, but we're run a-ground.
We'll take a reef in.
CHANG. What's the use of fussing?
It's pretty clear a reef has taken us in.
You might have picked us out a softer part.
LOOM. It wasn't in the Admiralty's chart. (*disappears*)
CHANG. (*looks out*) Our destined island by good luck we've hit upon,
KOONG. Although found out, it needn't have been split upon.
LOOM. I'm very sorry. (*looking in*)
HI-SLANG. What's the matter? speak.
LOOM. On a mud bank we've sprung a full-grown leak.
(*disappears below*)
KOONG. See, when his presence might some safety bring,
Our chicken-hearted capt'n's taken wing.
SO-SLI. O'erpowering quite my fears of being drowned are,
The captain's lost the ship, we find her found her.
(*faints*, HI-SLANG *catches her*)
HI-SLANG. I take this opportunity to state,
A joke's a joke—but I am no catch weight.
"Frailty, thy name is Woman."
SO-SLI. (*reviving*) That may be,
But I should say, "Skipper, thy name is flee."
CHANG. A vessel's on our beam—we'd better hail her.
KOONG. A signal make—we've made one signal failure.
HI-SLANG. What are you at? Why, that's the governor's clipper!
KOONG. Then the game's up with us, of "Hunt the Slipper!"
HE-SING. (*off*, R.) Ship ahoy, there!

LOOM. (*entering from poop*) Who says my ship's a hoy?
HI-SLANG. On active service you shall find employ.
(pulling him out)
TAR. (*off*, R.) Heave to! and take us in.
CHANG. We'll make it clear,
We'll heave two overboard, if you come here!
SO-SLI. Were we not fast-moored here, we were secure——
KOONG. But land-locked, may, with Cassio, I'm sure,
Cry, "Cursed fate that gave us to the moor."
LOOM. The variation of the compass floored us.
SO-SLI. See, filled with men, here come the boats to board us!
CHANG. (*brandishing an axe*) Should you climb, you'll discover, I suspect.
An anti-climb-axe ruin the effect.
HE-SING. *(off)* What! cut an old friend?
CHANG. Sir, you'd best stand clear,
Or find my axe forbids your access here.
(CHANG, *&c.*, *prepare to defend the starboard side*)
LOOM. Hollo! we're taken in the rear.
(GUARDS *rush on*, L., HE-SING, TAR-GIN, *and* ATTENDANTS *board*, R.)
HE-SING. What's this?
My daughter!
KOONG. Father!
HE-SING. So, I've caught you, miss!
Surround 'em—gag 'em!
SO-SLI. Will they prisoners make us?
HI-SLANG. Twenty to five are offered—lots of takers.
TAR. My rival with Koong-see!
CHANG. Precisely, sir;
And your arrival is too late for her.
This deed makes me her husband and defender,
(produces marriage certificate)
And hails my consort as my legal tender.
HE-SING. Abandoned girl!
KOONG. Nay, by that marriage bill,
We're licensed pursuant to an act of will.
HE-SING. As in the critic, love and wrath betwixt,
The father softens, for the governor's fixed.
Since all appears correct in form and date, too,
To end your *matrimonio segreto*,
I give accord—so bless you both.
TAR. What mean you?
You're settling things uncommon well between you.
If my love she returns not, still she ought
Return the case of jewels that I brought.
KOONG. I mean to do——
TAR. Ah!
KOONG. Nothing of the sort!
You freely gave them me in any case.
HI-SLANG. He doesn't look a gift horse in the face.

TAR. What do you mean by flying? (*to* HI-SLANG)
HI-SLANG. In a hurry
I popped and she accepted for a scurry.
SO-SLI. Ties off to run with me he said he waited.
HI-SLANG. So with a match the meeting terminated.
TAR. Over that flat you came (*to* SO-SLI)
SO-SLI. My pair of whiphands,
As I first set my cap, shall keep the ribands.
HE-SING. Well I don't see, and openly declare it,
What's to be done, except to grin and bear it;
What are your future plans?
KOONG. Oh, we intend
Upon a tour our honeymoon to spend.
CHANG. I've a bright notion, unless you prohibit it,
We'll take the junk to London and exhibit it.
HE-SING. Before the wind safe may you take your drive,
But till you start, to keep the game alive,
Let's have a dance.
KOONG. His grace will join the throng.
TAR. My dancing days are over cut short long.
KOONG. Nonsense! let's foot it, let the fiddles scrape,
Bring out the cape cod reel in novel shape.

(*the Orchestra strikes up the Cape Cod Reel; the* CHARACTERS *form in couples, and dance part of the "Cape Cod Reel," during the dance the* ENCHANTER *enters*, L.)

CHIM. Stop! stop! here's a rumpus! (*dance ceases*)
(*to Audience*) No soul can deny it,
Young blood set at liberty's prone to run riot;
So these bits of old China forget that my power
Has allowed them to fret on the stage their short hour.
So for fear their disorder of mind should be chronic,
And to prove their attachments are wholly plat-onic,
Once more in their hardware repose be they set.
KOONG. If you please, sir, we've had no finale as yet,
And to bring down the curtain without it's absurd.
CHIM. You see that a woman will have the last word,
But in order that matters may properly end,
In her case for a moment the spell I suspend.
(*leads* KOONG-SEE *forward*)
And perhaps she's deserving no less, for the fact is,
She's considered a most animated young actress;
So her powers of speaking shall find a reprieve,
Till of you in set terms she has taken her leave.
KOONG. For hours of future freedom from our bands,
We ask the kindly help of your good hands;
For if your favour now accorded be,
Each night shall your indulgence set us free.
And on your entertainment will we wait
To serve this trifle on our Willow Plate!

Finale—Chang & Chorus, "*Bronze Horse.*"

Merrily sing we, hither bring we
Our Chinese collection,
And invite you oft at night to
Come and make inspection.
While our friends on yonder benches
Make a nightly session,
May they from the plate we publish
Take a good impression.

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